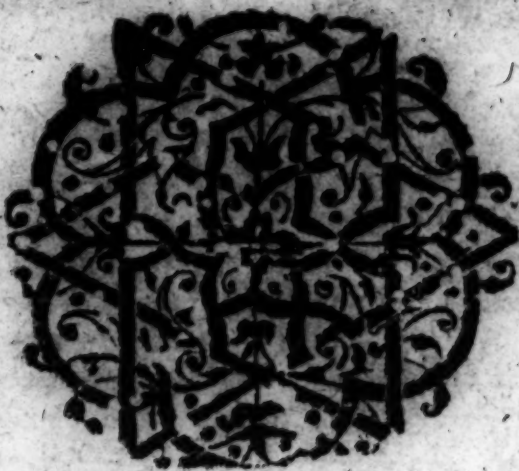


The Art of Courtship.



This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for J. Back on London-Bridge.

The Art of Courtship.



Printed for J. Smith in London.

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The Art of Courtship

O R,

The School of Delight

Containing Amorous Dialogues, Complemental Expressions, Poems, Letters, and Discourses upon sundry Occasions, relating to Love and Business: Pleasant New Songs, and Directions for Courtship and Behaviour: And Rules for Carving Flesh, Fish, Fowl, and cutting up Pastry: Also to distinguish the best Pieces, and decently to serve a Table after the most Modish and Courtly manner.

With other delightful and profitable things, necessary for the accomplishment of all Persons.

To which is added,

The signification of MOLES, in any part of the Body, in relation to good and bad Fortunes.

As likewise, The Interpretation of Dreams, as they presage happiness or unhappiness to Men and Women, in all Stations and Conditions. Very profitable and advantageous to all Persons.

Printed by J. B. for J. Back, at the Black Boy on London-Bridge: 1688.

THE
Art of Courtship;
OR,
The School of Delight.

An Amorous Dialogue between Thomas and Sarah; Or, The ready way of Wooing.

Thomas. **O**H my Love, how happy am I, thus accidentally to meet you! alas my dear, why blush you? why turn you that face away, on which with delight I could gaze (would the brittle thread of Life continue) Ages without Number.

Sarah. Ah! how you flatter me now? truly Thomas I did not think you had been so deep read in the Mystery of Courtship: yet I am too wise to credit all that men say: Yes, yes, my Mother told me indeed, that men had deluding tongues, and charged me never to trust 'em.

Tom. Cruel Maid, can you, after all the Expressions of a real passion, which I have

The Art of Courtship; Or,
have many ways demonstrated, believe that
I am in jest or can be false.

Sarah. Nay **Tom**, I know not but you may,
for adad; my Mother says, there's not one in
forty Mile that mean (indeed and good ear-
nest) what they pretend.

Tom. Then by all that is good in you, and
my self I swear.

Sarah. Oh fie **Tom**, nay, no swearing, for
I had rather believe you then you should use
any vain expressions.

Tom. And you do believe me real, and
that I love you above what words are capable
of Expressing? above all that I can with or
think, referring to things on this side Hea-
ven.

Sarah. Adad if I thought so, i'de tell you
more of my mind—— Well if you will be
constant and faithful—— But why do I talk of
that? especially if I consider what my Mo-
ther told me?

Tom. Come, come, no more of Ambigu-
ity, let doubts cease, and try my Love;
kindled by a flame as bright as the Planet of
the day; a love that is lasting, and cannot
be extinguish'd by want of Jealousie.

Sarah. If I thought so—— Well, to be
plain with you **Tom**, for I can't hide it no
longer; if you love me as you say, let us

The School of Delight.

be marryed as soon as you will, and when do
as you please, as for our Fortunes, you know
are but mean, and I am not insensible of
yours; I hate to see a man of your parts pine
and whine, come, come, let's make an end
on't if it must be so.

Com. Now you revive me, and as it were
call back my fading Spirits.

It shall be as you say, this day shall be
The happy Nuptial, joyful day to me;
If you consent to be my charming Bride,
All cares I'll banish, and while by my side
You parting eye night shall your blushes hide,
Night, that kind coverture of infant love,
Shall make you know how dear, how kind I'll

(prove.

I yield, and if a power remain in me,
To make you happy, nought shall wanting be.

Then let us haste and tie the Nuptial

(Bands.

Since hearts are joyn'd, we'll quickly joyn the

(Hands.

A Dialogue between Amintas and Priscilla.

Or, The Sighing Lovers.

Say, why are you of late so downy grown,
why o're your face is melancholly thrown

A. The cause is from within, a mighty grief
That strongly struggles, vain would I have re-

The Art of Courtship Dr.

P. Whence sprung is? speak, does it pro-
ceed from Love?

Before it cannot, that you'll ne'r approve.

A. Ah! fair Phillis, you have found it now

And what you say I blushing must allow;

'Tis o're my heart great love doth tyrannize,

But who is she that could thy heart surprize?

A. A Beauty gay and lovely as the morn;

When Rose blushes does its face adorn,

And pearly dews o're Floras face does shade;

The fairest Creature Nature ever made.

P. Has she no name? who is she? tell me

A. Ah, dear Phillis, fair one, it is you.

P. Me! O, it cannot be, I have no Charms

But Nature cast me roughly from her arms.

A. 'Tis only you can cure my wounded

From your bright eyes was shot the wounding

Do not thus flatter to deceive a Maid,

Whose yielding heart is easily betray'd.

A. No words of course you hear that can

But such as from intire affliction flow.

P. Could I believe yet true, or soon should

That I am to no cruelty inclin'd.

A. Nothing more joys me, then to hear

your name,

The School of Delight.

Though hitne to I have conceald' my flame?
That it might brighter burn and I be blest,
When of your dearest self I was possesst.

P. Was I confirm'd in this, with joy i'd flye
Into your Arms and in your Bosom lye.

A. Mistrust me not thou fairest of that kind,
A Love than mine more true you ne'r can find.

P. I must believe or dare I longer doubt;
Thus arm in arm we'll wear our ages out;

Till Death to blest Elizium us convey,

A. we will my joy, and this thrice happy day
We'l memorize with Festival and play.

And to all Lovers a kind pattern be,
Whilst both our hearts as if in one agree.

*The different Effects in LOVE; Or, A dis-
course between Will and Ned.*

Red. **W**ELL Brother Will, how spee-
you with your Mistriss the o-
ther day? I perceive you pusht the matter
home; Come, come prithee tell me man, how
it fared with you, for I observe by your coun-
tenance, you are wonderfully pleased.

Will. How can I otherways, when so fair
so soft, so kind and charming a Creature has
cast her self into my arms, and met my pas-
sion with an equal flame?

P. You

The Art of Courtship; Or,

P. You are a happy Man if it be so: Venus was kind in ruling your Nativity: but Ah!

M. How's this **Pet**—Why Man, what makes you sigh? sure you han't fell in Love with a cross Mistriss, have you?

P. Your guess is right; that heart which long withstood the batteries of mighty love, and as unconcerned beat back the dazzling beams of brightest Beauty, at last is storm'd, by a cruel fair one, who let's me languish without hope.

M. Fie, fie, it cannot be; can you the witty gallant and the brave, languish for one who is regardless of your pain? Come, rouse up man, and banish such a Servile love, be your self and you have conquer'd it.

P. As soon may Prisoners loaded with strong Chains, break from their Iron durance, as I break the Chains of Love; No, though she be cruel, yet I still must love, and wound the Air with sighs, as when the wind from hollow Rocks sends an imperfect murmur.

M. Surely you are in jest?

P. In jest, say you, if it be a jest it is a true one; a jest which makes me cover Solitude, and shun those Recreations I was wont to Glory in; a jest made worse by what you tell, and makes me do what ne'r before I did, Envy your hap pin ss, since I am miserab e.

M. No

The School of Delight.

III. No more of this, Pina: 'Tis but
counterfeit; come, come along thou whining
sneaking pretending Lover; or if it be true,
We'l to the place where joy & mirth abound,
In Songs & Masques we'l thy Passion drown,
Whilst thou shalt scorn the scorner, & be free
From her that held thee in Captivity: gno!
'Tis Munk, Wine, and Voices, that remove
The pangs and tortures of a fruitless loves d
I'll go and try, though ryal may be vain,
And if I'm freed i'll ne'r be caught again.

Complimental Expressions, and Love Poems.

SIR, the joy to see you is more than words
can utter.

SIR, 'tis you alone, heav'n Heaven; on whom
I must rely; your favours are so many, that
my heart has scarcely room to contain them.

SIR, I am proud to be your servant; and
desire no more but to enjoy that name.

SIR, your Wisdom and Eloquence is so
charming, that I must needs admire you.

SIR, the Excellencies with which you are
endued, are many, and even beyond expres-
sion.

SIR, I am proud to be your servant; and
desire no more but to enjoy that name.

SIR, I am proud to be your servant; and
desire no more but to enjoy that name.

SIR, I am proud to be your servant; and
desire no more but to enjoy that name.

Sir,

The Art of Courtship; Or,

Sir, your friendship I cover above all others,
and am proud to be ranked amongst the num-
ber of those you are pleased to term your
Friends.

Madam, your Beauties are so rare, and
your actions so tempting, that I must wear
your Chains, and count it a blessing to be
your Slave.

Madam, Wounded by your fair Eyes, I
languish.

Madam, you are the fair Physician that can
only cure the distemper of my mind.

Lady, 'Tis your Vertues I admire, for
that more than Beauty adorns the Female
Sex.

Lady, I am Ravished with your Charming
Voice, whose power is as great as that of
Orpheus, in compelling the attention of ad-
miring mortals.

Madam, In your Checks the Roses and the
Lillies strive for mastery, and on you wait a
pomp of winning Grace.

Lady, be pleased to rank me amongst your
meanest Servants, and I shall make it the Bu-
siness of my life to do you pleasure.

Lady, I am all your own, command me in
what you please, and you shall be obeyed.

Fairest of Creatures, O that I could find
words to express how much I love.

Madam,

The School of Delight.

Madam you are fair and cruel, your beauty
made the wound you now refuse to cure.

P O E T S.

My love shall be	Till life is past,
For ever free,	My love shall last;
Naught shall divide	My love I place,
The knot we've ty'd	On thy sweet face.
By Death alone	'Tis thou in me,
It is undone.	Shall happy be,
My joy thou art, and hast my heart.	

A Letter in Verse from a Love-sick youth to a
scornful Maid.

(sad breath,

WHilst Gales of sighs were sent from my
And thoughts of you would give my eyes
(no rest,
Snatching a mid-night Tapor strait to write
I did begin, but tears so dull'd my sight,
That pardon if some blots do here appear,
Whilst I intreat you be as kind as fair,
Pitty the Man that sighs and pines for you,
The man who vows for ever to be true,
And thinks that nothing for you is too good
O give me some though but *Camelians* food.
Let me have hopes although I feed on air,
And run me not thus headlong to despair:
Send me a Cordial dearest or I dye,

T

The Art of of ~~Love~~ ; Or,

'Tis you or death must end my misery;
One or the other I must surely have,
You for my wife or wed the fullen Grave:
And till I know my doom, I must remain,
Your slave to wear your chains and live in pain

J. B.

The Answer.

Sir,

Your Poetical Fancy is very great, I suppose much greater then your passion; but if you are real, take notice I give you leave to hope, yet rely not too much upon that, for Womens minds are wavering: indeed I could have wished you had placed your affections some where else, for though I should admit you amongst the number of my servants, 'tis ten to one whether you will ever have what you desire. This Letter how pleasing it may prove I cannot tell, I wrote it at the importunity of your Servant, which I had not done, but that he told me he should have but cold welcome if he returned empty handed: therefore take it as it is, and make what you can of it, whilst I rest intirely my own to dispose of my self when and where I have mind to it.

A. G.

The Perfection of Women-kind.

Beauty with vertue joyn'd is the bright gem
that makes the wise the softer sex esteem

For

The School of Delight.

For those united here does unfold,
Like flaming Diamonds in an Orb of Gold;
The last may well consist without the first,
But when the last is from the former thrust,
Woman's no more, Women in vertue lies,
That is the thing that only we should prize;
For if not so, a Picture that is fair,
Conceited living, is a thing as rare.

S O N G.

To a pleasant New Tune.

My life and my death are both in your power,
I never was wretched till this cruel hour;
Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
But alas, 'tis too kind for me ever to prove;
Cou'd you guess with what pain my poor heart
(is oppress'd)
I am sure my Affairs would soon make me blest.

Distractedly Jealous I do hourly rove,
Thus sighing and musing, 'tis all for my love;
No place can I find that will yield me relief;
My Soul is for ever entangl'd in grief;
But if the kind Stars let me see him, O then,
I'll forgive the cruel Author of all my past pain.

The Delights of Marriage.

How happy Celia is it, now we are
In wedlock joyn'd & made a happy pair.

The Art of Contention: Or,

'Tis true my Strephon, we have joys,
That few the like can find;
A passion that no time destroys,
Is fix'd in eithers mind;
'Tis for my Celia, mighty Love has made
Us blest, since we to him our Vows ha' paid:
This had not been, if you had prov'd unkind,
This true content you ne'r before could find:
'Tis true my Strephon, I had been
In Ignorance till now;
These happy days I ne'r had seen;
If I had kept my Vow:
But now I find such solid blifs,
That i'de not be a Virgin now,
For all that I could wish:
Come Celia then let's to the shade,
And solace in our love;
Thou shalt be yet more happy made,
And i'le more constant prove.

S O N G

Tune of, Almoget and Phillis.
Young Phron strove the blifs to taste,
But Strapho still deny'd;
She struggl'd long, the Youth at last,
lay panting by her side:
Useless he lay, love would not wait,
till they could both agree,
They idly languisht in debate,
when they should active be.

At

The School of Delight.

At last, come ruine me, she said,
and then there fell a tear,
I'll in thy Breast my blushes hide,
its all that Virgins fear :
Oh that age could loves right perform,
we'd make old men obey,
They court us long, Youth loves to storm,
then plunder and away.

The bashful Lover have I seen,
in raptures of surprize,
Adore his Mistress like a Queen,
and gaze upon her Eyes ;
Then sigh, say nothing, and away,
and leave th'insulting foe,
Proud in the conquest of the day,
without ever saying no.

Loves Power and Cruelty.

Lightning is not swifter then the glance
of charming beauty, for tho' seen by chance
It penetrates the Soul and fires the mind,
That wretched Lovers no contentment find
But cruel Torments, a tormenting grief,
Seizes the wretch that's void of a relief.

Courtship what it is.

Courtship and good behaviour is the most
accomplish'd way of addressing carriage

The Art of Courtship: Or,
all Company, a Civil respect for Inferiours,
and a due reverence and regard for Superiours,
comely behaviour and modesty in Discourse
and action; a moderate carriage, and not too
much dejected, a temper suitable to all com-
pany, and a mind not to be moved by passion,
either of anger, joy or grief; not Loquacious
but prudent and considerate, which are the
chief Ornaments of either Sex; and gain a
good repute amongst the wisest of men.

A name you gain which time can never blast,
A name that will remain till time is past.

The Happy Success: Or, Damaris and Rosa.

D. **A**H! my Joy, you now are in my pow-
er, Love gives us opportunity, come
be not coy, you are my own, although divided
sometimes by our Parents.

R. Alas, I know not what you mean, though
I confess I love you, and therefore am confi-
dent you won't hurt me.

D. No, no, you need not fear that, my
tender joy, for in hurting you I wound my self,
come, come my little happiness, let us retire.

R. With all my heart I know you will make
much of me, and so long I am safe.

**The newest Directions for Carving Butchers
Meat, Fowl, Fish and Poultry.**

IN a Loyn of Veal, it being decently cut in two, cut off that piece next the Kidney end, and present it as the choicest piece.

A Leg of Mutton, being taken by the handle, turn your Knife on the inside, as if you would slit it, then turn off to the left, and turn out the Nut-piece, or the little Bone by the side of the handle, and present it as the most acceptable.

In a Quarter of Lamb, you must divide the Shoulder from the Ribs, sprinkle some Salt thereon, and lay it in its place, then turning your Knife under the handle, take off that part, and present it to your Friend.

In a Haunch of Venison, turn your Knife in the middle, cut out a round piece, and with Sawce present it; the same cutting serves for a Gammon of Bacon, Westphaliaham, &c.

A Neats Tongue you must slit, and cutting it in thin slices, present it.

A Pig must be Chined down the Back, the Head being cut off fair, the Ears laid upon the Shoulders, and the Jaws by the Front; the Ears by Ladies being accounted best.

A Pheasant must be displayed, by entering the point of the Knife under the Legs and Wings, lacing the Breast, then be taken off and presented.

Directions for Carving, &c.

A Turkey must be Raised or lifted, by taking off the Legs and Wings, and lacing the Breast, taking the Merithought, which is presented as the best piece.

A Partridge or Plover, must be minced, by lacing and cutting crosse, taking off the Legs and Wings, presenting the Breast.

A Heron or Bittorn, must be lifted, that is, by raising the Legs with the poynt of your Knife, lacing the Breast, taking off the Belly-piece and Merithought. Plover, Teal, and Widgeon, may be cut as Pullers.

A Goose must be taken off Wings and Legs by a quick hand, with the poynt of a Knife, the Merithought raised, the breast laced, and the raised flesh taken off, the Belly-piece taken off and divided. As for Pidgeons, young Chickens, Larks, and the like, they must be split or divided in halves, long-ways. A Capon or Puller cut up like a Goose. The Wings of all Wild Fowl are the best, and the Legs of Tame ones are so accounted.

A Salmon must be Chined, laid open, and sliced. A Lobster must be Clawed and broken up, or slit. A Venison Pastie, or any large Pastie, must be cut up in the middle of the Lid, the meat taken out with a Fork, and the Gravy with a Spoon, and so presented. As for lesser Pies and Tarts, the lid must be

The Signification of Moles.

intirely taken off, and the Filling served in Plates with part of the lid or in-side Crust.

The Signification of Moles in any part of the Body.

A Mole on the right part of the Forehead, signifies the party wise and Industrious.

A Mole on the left part of the Forehead, signifies the party to be of no great Ingenuity, but that the party shall be laborious, and thereby get Riches.

A Moles in the middle of the Forehead, denotes an indifferent Fortune, but that the party shall be much beloved, and by that means may doubtless attain preferment.

A Mole on the right Eye-brow, promiseth the party to gain Riches by Marriage.

A Mole on the left Eye-brow, threatens the first marriage unhappy, but the second plyant and easie.

A Mole on the Nose denoteth another on the privy parts, signifieth the party to be lustful, and very desirous of marriage.

A mole on the Lip, signifies a sweet and affable temper, that the party has a good streak at Kissing.

A mole on the Chin, or on one corner of the mouth, denotes Riches and Honour, but that the party is somewhat Gluttonous.

The Signification of Moles.

A mole on the Throat, threatens the party with Diseases, as Strangury, Quinsie, &c.

A mole on the Neck behind, is dangerous, unless that danger of sudden death be averted by providence.

A mole on the right Shoulder, signifies the Favour of great persons; and on the left, Servility and labour, with many Crosses.

A mole on the Back, signifies a good Name, and many Children.

A mole on the middle of the Belly, just by the Navel, denotes an early marriage.

A mole on the privy parts, denotes the party powerful in Venery, and promises many Children.

A mole on the Buttocks, denotes the party to be of a plyant and affable temper.

A mole on the right Thigh, denotes plenty and pleasure.

A mole on the left Thigh, signifieth the contrary.

A mole on the Knee, signifieth the party is given much to Piety and Devotion.

A Mole on the Calf of the Leg, signifieth the party will be subject to the Gout.

A mole on the right Ankle, signifieth the party swift and industrious: On the left Ankle, it threatens him with falling into the hands of Thieves and Robbers.

The Interpretation of Dreams.

A mole on the right Foot, signifies the party shall travel on honourable occasions.

A mole on the left Foot, denotes to a Woman much danger in Child-birth, and to a man much pain in Travel. *Cum Multis Aliis.*



A Discourse of DREAMS, and their Interpretations.

TO Dream you see white Hens upon a Dunghil, signifies Disgrace by some false accusation.

To dream one is in a pleasant Meadow, signifies the possession of Riches, and the advantage of pleasure.

To dream one fights and overcomes, is to have the advantage over ones Adversary in Law Suits, or otherwise.

To dream it Thunders and Lightens, is a figure of approaching sickness.

To dream two Lovers meet and have not power to speak to each other, denotes the match will be broken off by the means of their Parents.

To Dream you see Death in Sickness, and that he flies you, is a sign of recovery.

The Interpretation of Dreams.

To dream of Kisses and Embraces, signifies sudden Marriage.

To dream you are dead and laid out, signifies a dressing for the Nuptials.

To dream of gay Cloathing, and that upon your Back they turn to Rags, signifies poverty.

To dream one is with Child, and knows not the Father, denotes her Marriage with a stranger.

To dream one sees the Sun in its brightness, signifies the favour of Great ones.

To dream a Ring drops off ones finger, denoteth a disappointment in Love.

To dream one has a Garland of Flowers brought and presented, denotes he or she will have the party desired.



A Song of COURTSHIP.
To the Tune of, State and Ambition.

Sweet my Ambition is only to wooe thee,
Your Beauty's so lovely it doth me surprize,
Let my fair Mistresse my gentle sighs move ye,
Who long have a Captive been to your fair eyes,
Wishing no greater blis then to adore ye,
So sweet is the pain I in languishing find,
No beauty had power to wound me before you,
Then Gentle dear Virgin come smile and be kind.

Lilly's and Roses shall shaddow our pleasure,
Fair Flora with sweets shall perfume our soft Bed,
Whilst in my kind arms I hug my dear treasure,
Till Blisshes created by fear are all fled.

Maid.

Since you'r so kind I cannot refuse ye,
A conquest great love in my heart now has made,
No longer kind Sir tis I mean to abuse ye,
Then cheer up your Spirits and be no more sad.

Though Virgins a while may stand at a distance,
They cannot be cruel when true love is found,
Their hearts they grow tender and loose all resistance,
When patience and constancy gives them a wound.

Man.

Wett be the moment that gave me the blessing,
To make me so happy beyond all degree,
A joy that is worth a Monarchs possessing,
Love mighty Love has now heap'd upon me.

FINIS.

